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DARK REIGN™

WOLVERINE
ORIGINS

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WOLVERINE
ORIGINS

The mutant Wolverine has spent a century fighting those who would manipulate him for his unique powers—razor-sharp claws, heightened senses, and a healing factor capable of miracles. After repeated brainwashing, torture, and reprogramming, Wolverine's past was as much a mystery to him as to anyone. With those long-lost memories returned to him, Wolverine has set out on a mission to punish the conspirators who have wronged him.

Wolverine has finally found his long-lost son, Daken. Just like his father, Daken is vicious, ruthless and virtually unstoppable. Until very recently, Daken wrongfully blamed Logan for the death of his birth-mother, but thanks to Logan's efforts this is no longer the case. Daken's misunderstanding of those past events is directly due to the influence of a dark and mysterious figure known only as Romulus, the same man who has secretly been controlling Logan for most of his life.

Daken and Logan set off to find Romulus and exact their revenge—but Daken betrayed his father and has taken the role of "Wolverine" on the villainous Norman Osborn's U.S. government-sponsored Avengers team. Logan then learns from super-spy Nick Fury that Daken plans on collaborating with the techno terrorist known as the Tinkerer in a mysterious plan involving a shard of the Muramasa blade—the only weapon capable of killing his father. Logan tails the Tinkerer hoping to intercept Daken but is ambushed by Romulus's monstrous enforcer… Victor Hudson!

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WHERE AM I? WHY...

...WHY CAN'T I FEEL ANYTHING?

YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO FEEL.

NO! STOP!

I CAN'T BREATHE!

YOU'RE ALREADY DEAD.

THE LIGHT--IT BURNS! WHY CAN'T I CLOSE MY EYES?!

YOUR EYES WILL NEVER CLOSE AGAIN.

I DON'T WANNA SEE THIS!

YOU HAVE NO CHOICE.

YOU'RE NOT HUMAN.

THEN WHAT...

...AM I?

WHAT...

HAVE YOU...DONE TO ME...?

DON'T WORRY, DAKEN...

...YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.

WEAPON XI: CONCLUSION

"JUST LIKE ME."

NO!

VICTOR... GONE.

WHERE--?

AM I TOO LATE?

CONCENTRATE.

TINKERER WAS HERE.

VICTOR WAS HERE.

DAKEN *MUST'VE* BEEN HERE. *SOMEWHERE.*

ROMULUS SET IT UP--PUT DAKEN AND TINKERER *TOGETHER.* VICTOR...

...VICTOR IS *SECURITY.* MAKIN' SURE I STAY CLEAR. VICTOR IS *ROMULUS' MAN ON THE GROUND*, MAKIN' SURE IT ALL GOES ACCORDIN' TO PLAN.

VICTOR IS GONE...

...BECAUSE HIS JOB IS DONE.

DAKEN AND TINKERER ARE GONE. SECURE. *SOMEWHERE.*

IT'S HAPPENING RIGHT NOW.

CONCENTRATE!

VICTOR'S JOB *ISN'T* DONE. DAKEN AND TINKERER *AREN'T* SECURE.

ROMULUS KNOWS I WON'T *QUIT.* *ROMULUS KNOWS I DON'T DIE.*

FIND *VICTOR...*

...FIND *DAKEN.*

STOP CONCENTRATING.

LET IT GO.

YOU HAVE HIS SCENT.

YOU GOT IT WHEN HE PUNCHED YOU.

YOU CAN *TRACK* HIM.

YOU CAN USE WHAT THEY GAVE YOU.

-SNFF-

-SNFF-

FORGET ABOUT WHAT YOU *WANT* TO BE.

EMBRACE WHAT YOU *ARE*.

LET IT *ALL* GO.

YOU'RE NOT HUMAN.

RAAAHH!

YOU'RE JUST LIKE YOUR FATHER.

PHYSIOLOGICALLY, AT LEAST.

WEAPON X

WHAT I FIND MORE FASCINATING IS *THIS*...

...*WHAT* DID YOU CALL IT?

THE *MURAMASA BLADE*. A *PORTION* OF IT.

AT FIRST GLANCE, IT LOOKS LIKE A TRULY EXCEPTIONAL EXAMPLE OF *TAMAHAGANE*, THE BLACK-SAND STEEL USED FOR CENTURIES TO MAKE--

I *KNOW* WHAT TAMAHAGANE *IS*.

WELL, AREN'T *YOU* JUST SO VERY *EDUCATED*.

WHATEVER THIS IS, IT ISN'T ACTUALLY EVEN *METAL*. IT'S...SOME SORT OF PLASMIC FORM *DISGUISING* ITSELF AS METAL.

LUCKILY FOR US, THE DISGUISE IS *FLAWLESS*--I SHOULD BE ABLE TO TREAT IT JUST AS I WOULD ANY *OTHER* REFINED STEEL.

IN THEORY, THIS SHOULD BE QUITE EASY.

PROVIDED I DON'T *KILL* YOU IN THE PROCESS...

SINCE THE METAL CANNOT COME INTO CONTACT WITH YOUR SOFT TISSUES WITHOUT ***CATASTROPHIC EFFECT***, I'VE MANUFACTURED THESE ***SHEATHS*** OUT OF ***ADAMANTIUM.*** THEY WILL BE ANCHORED INSIDE YOUR ***FOREARMS.***

UNLIKE YOUR FATHER, WHOSE CLAWS ARE BRACED BY AN ENTIRE ***SKELETAL SYSTEM*** BONDED WITH ADAMANTIUM THAT ACTS AS A ***SHOCK ABSORBER***, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO BE ***EXTREMELY CAREFUL*** WHEN YOU USE YOURS.

THE METAL FROM THE SWORD BLADE, AND THE ORGANIC MATERIAL IT'S ***BONDED*** TO, CAN BE BROKEN. ***SHATTERED.*** THE RESULTING SHRAPNEL WOULD BE... ***DEVASTATING.*** MY ADVICE?

BE CLOSE, BE SURE.

OH, HOW SWEET.

YOU CARE.

MY INSTRUCTIONS TO YOU HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH CONCERN FOR YOUR ***PERSONAL SAFETY.*** I AM A MASTER OF MY CRAFT. WHAT I DO TODAY WILL ***REFLECT*** THAT.

IT WOULD OFFEND ME ***GREATLY*** TO SEE MY WORK WIELDED ***CLUMSILY*** BY AN IGNORANT ***AMATEUR.***

HNNN--!

OH, I'M SORRY--DID THAT ***HURT?***

KLINK

HM.

THIS IS GOING TO TAKE A BIT LONGER THAN I ***THOUGHT...***

MOVE FASTER

NO TIME

TOO LATE

FASTER!

KEEP THE SCENT.

TRACK IT DOWN

SO MANY PEOPLE

TOO MANY

SCENTS

ONLY ONE THAT MATTERS.

HIS.

VICTOR.

VICTOR HUDSON

ROMULUS' DOG

FIND VICTOR, FIND

KILL VICTOR

KRAHRR!

NO-- WAIT!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO *DO* THAT, OKAY? WHATEVER THAT THING IS...

JUST... *STAY HERE*, OKAY?

LISTEN TO HER, SON--*DON'T THROW YOUR LIFE AWAY*. THAT'S NOT A *MAN* YOU'RE CHASING AFTER...

"...IT'S A MONSTER."

KILL

NO

KILL!

THIS ISN'T WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO

KILL!

THIS IS WRONG! I NEED TO--

FREEEZE!

I SAID--!

HH-RRRR!

SNKT!

PLEASE!

I HAVE A KID.

SO DO I.

BEEN KEEPIN' THE RAGE INSIDE O' ME IN *CHECK* FOR *SO LONG*...

ONCE I *LET IT OUT*...

TINKERER'S HERE, *ON THIS TRAIN.* I CAN *SMELL* 'IM.

MEANS *DAKEN'S* HERE, *TOO.*

SO CLOSE.

CAN'T LET THE RAGE BLIND ME.

GOTTA GET *HOLD*...

...O' *MYSELF.*

KRUNCH!

CHANK!

WHAP!

FIND

KILL

VICTOR

YOU'RE MINE

GHRRR...

NO!

DOIN' IT TO YOU AGAIN.

KROKK!

PUSHIN' YOU BACK SO YOU'LL GO FORWARD.

TOWARD HIM.

TOWARD ROMULUS.

AND AWAY FROM YOUR SON.

KROKK!

I AM WHAT YOU WILL BECOME

LET IT GO.

HHRRRAAH!

SAVE YOUR SON.

JUST PRAY YOU'RE NOT...

FIND DAKEN.

...TOO LATE.

WHAT...

HAVE YOU DONE...

...TO MY SON?!

I DID WHAT I WAS *PAID* TO DO.

KSSH!

SNIKT!

I TURNED A MAN INTO A WEAPON.

DAKEN-- NO!

WATCH THE CLAWS

WATCH THE CLAWS

WA

TCH

LET ME GO!

HE'S HERE!

ROMULUS IS ON THIS TRAIN!

NO, DAKEN.

HE *ISN'T.*

NOT ANYMORE.

"I LET HIM GO."

YOU... LET HIM...?!

IT WAS YOU OR HIM.

I HAD TO MAKE A CHOICE.

YOU MADE...

...THE WRONG CHOICE.

YOU'RE RIGHT, DAKEN.

I DID.

SSSHUK!

H-HUK...

I CAN SEE THAT, NOW...

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE *DEAD?*

OLAGANSK, RUSSIA. 5 DAYS LATER:

I AIN'T.

THOUGH *I COULD'A* BEEN. *EASY*. FOR WHATEVER REASON, *DAKEN PULLED BACK.* DIDN'T USE THE MURAMASA CLAW.

DOUBT IT WAS OUTTA THE KINDNESS OF HIS HEART, BUT...WHO KNOWS?

MAYBE THERE'S HOPE FOR HIM, AFTER ALL.

CAN'T THINK ABOUT THAT *NOW*, THOUGH...

SEE?

YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN--*WITH DOPPELGANGER IN PLACE*, YOU ARE FREE TO MOVE. YOU ARE...

...A *GHOST.*

YOU'RE RIGHT, *SERGEI*-- HAVIN' DAKEN OUT IN THE OPEN, PLAYIN' THE WOLVERINE PART FOR OSBORN, *HAS* MADE IT EASIER FOR ME TO GET AROUND. BUT *ROMULUS* KNOWS THE *TRUTH.*

AN' IT'S *HIM* I'M *HERE* FOR.

YEAH.

ROMULUS TOOK AWAY THE ONE THING I HAD LEFT TO LOSE.

GUESS I *AM.*

THAT WAS A MISTAKE.

NOW THERE'S NOTHIN' STOPPIN' ME. *NOTHIN' HOLDIN' ME BACK.*

NOTHIN'.

〈GOD SAVE US...〉

〈SIR! I HAVE JUST BEEN MADE AWARE OF TODAY'S PRISONER TRANSFER.〉

〈YES...?〉

〈SIR, THIS FACILITY IS NOT EQUIPPED TO DEAL WITH A PRISONER OF SUCH--〉

〈THE TRANSFER IS HAPPENING. THERE IS NOTHING THAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT.〉

〈IF THERE WERE, I WOULD'VE DONE SO BY NOW.〉

〈OF COURSE, SIR.〉

〈HAVE THE ISOLATION CELLS BEEN EVACUATED AND THE PRISONERS RELOCATED, AS I ASKED?〉

〈YES, SIR.〉

〈GOOD.〉

BZZZZT!

〈HE IS HERE.〉